FOR FRESH YOUNG FACES.
If you wish to know how to trim the new hat, read our fashion article.

NEWEST NEW STYLES

A JACKET THAT CAN BE ARRANGED IN SEVEN FASHIONS.

GAUZE FICHUS ARE IN HIGH FAVOR

Mousseline de Soie Girdles Are Among the Most Popular New Season Features—Now Comes the Victorian Bonnet.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, July 31.—If any one wants any proof that this is a year of economy, they should see the new jacket that was shown to me the other day. It is so constructed that without any change in the actual making of the jacket it can be arranged in seven different styles—one for every day in the week. Think of it, those of you who have to wear the same jacket a whole season. This is just exactly like having seven jackets in one.

This useful garment is of medium length, semi-fitting at the back, with a pleat caught down by a strap and buttons at the waist, and loose in front. It can be worn as a plain, double-breasted coat, and in this shape forms a capital wrap. Three transformations are effected by the regulations of the revers to different heights by means of straps and buttons, or they can be thrown open and worn loose. By another arrangement, the revers can be folded and strapped at the top, so as to form a trimming to the front of the coat. Again, they can be left open and the straps fastened across the front, so as to reveal the vest or blouse worn beneath.

The puffed sleeves are finished with deep cuffs, which, by the same device of straps and buttons, can be worn open or closed, turned back or straight. The collar is similarly adjustable and may be made high, turned down, or rolled over, forming an admirable finish in either style. In plain cloth this novel jacket makes an ideal travelling wrap. The revers can be either trimmed or untrimmed, and when finished with handsome passementerie, render the garment smart enough for visiting and afternoon wear. Lastly, when made in silk or velvet and effectively lined and trimmed, it makes an admirable opera or theatre jacket. Taken altogether, it seems to me the most useful novelty of the season, and, in fact, for many seasons past.

Gauze fichus are high in favor at present, and really they are becoming to almost every one, and can be adapted in style and material to almost any occasion. Just at present they are worn both on morning and evening gowns, but they require the exact touch which only a clever and artistic dressmaker can give to render them a perfect success. One of these I saw was worn with a gray satin, shot with black and trimmed down the front with a double row of Brandenburgs, carried out in jet, with an openwork of jet embroidery between, united by narrow straps. The effect was excellent.

Thin, filmy textures are certainly at the height of their popularity this summer. They appear in all sorts of guises, and are put to all conceivable uses. The latest is to have girdles of mousseline de soie, with long, sash-like ends falling almost to the hem of the skirt. A very pretty one—all in white—and elaborately trimmed with real Valenciennes, was worn with a pale-blue gown of mousseline de soie, finished with a white satin collar. This material is also used for the fichus I spoke of, one in particular, in the Marie Antoinette style, also trimmed with Valenciennes, being especially beautiful, and, I might add, delightfully expensive.

There seems to be no doubt that the Victorian bonnet is to be the head covering of the near future, and, really, when not exaggerated in style and trimming, it looks both quaint and pretty. One very pretty white Leghorn which I saw quite won me over to the idea. The flaring front was covered with thickly shirred white chiffon, made to give the effect of a small ruching just at the brim, with three small pink roses on each side of the bandeau, resting on the hair. The crown was trimmed with two folded straps of very wide, white ribbon, coming across the front and back of the crown, and finishing at the right side with another rosette of three roses to match those worn inside the brim.

On the left side was a smart bow of the wide ribbon, the loops doubled over somewhat and well wired. On the same side were two very full white ostrich plumes, one standing up quite high in front, and the other falling over the back of the brim. The strings—for what would a bonnet be without strings?—were of the same white ribbon, and were intended to be tied under the chin a little to one side.

The day of the ugly, formless "gossamer" is over, and the waterproof garments of the present season are a delight to the eye, as well as a protection from the elements. Even the simplest of these up-to-date rainy-day wraps is both stylish and becoming, while the more elaborate ones are beautiful. One of the simplest ones looks like gray tweed, with a little collar of green velvet. The cape has turned back revers fastened with pretty buttons, and when necessary, the revers can be buttoned, across, which makes the garment double-breasted.

Perhaps the most striking example of the advance in waterproofs is a sack-backed coat, with double-breasted front fastened with pearl buttons, and having velvet-bound collar and cuffs. It looks like nothing so much as silky alpaka, and possesses the double advantage of being very light in weight and very smart in appearance. This one seemed to me the most desirable for general use, but I saw one which had been made to order that was exceedingly handsome. It was a long cloak in dark-blue, which inside was all white, and just in front was sumptuously lined with white satin. The cape, with its smart revers and collar, was piped with white, and there were white pearl buttons to complete the effect.

The tea jacket has evidently come to stay, and seems to be more popular than ever, which is perhaps explained by the fact that it is comfortable as well as dressy. The newest material utilized for these fashionable jackets is silky printed gauze. This is even more gossamerlike than chiffon, the pattern covering the fabric. It is used for the very prettiest of these garments, and is especially effective in green and white, with a touch of blue at the waist and throat.

As the season advances, blue seems more than ever in favor, although the cornflower-shade, still seen to some extent, is being superseded by the tone of the periwinkle, known as "perwenche." The new shade is far prettier than the strong blue of the cornflower, and promises to retain its popularity longer. A very pretty gown of this shade had horizontal tucks on the full bodice, with a green glace silk sash, a tabbed basque, and epaulettes. Green and blue are still used in combination, although not quite so much as formerly.

Here is a wonderfully striking gown for those of us who can appear to advantage in pronounced colors. The dress itself is of orange-colored silk, covered with Holland-colored grass lawn, worked all over with sprays of lace braid, the pattern sufficiently open to allow the silk to show through. It has a pouched bodice, fastening on the left side, beneath a red and yellow frilling in glace silk, the same mixture being introduced into the standing collar. It is intended for out-of-door fetes, and, on the right woman, would be exceedingly effective.

They Wanted "Dixie."

(Washington Post.)

Two hundred North Carolina mountaineers are in the city on an excursion. On Wednesday evening, learning that the Marine Band would give its usual public concert on the plaza of the Capitol, they gathered in a body to hear the music. They listened with every evidence of delight to the splendid playing of Fanciulli's band, but somehow or other the Minnehaha gavotte and the Lohengrin wedding march did not quite fill the full measure of their happiness. They wanted something that they knew.

"Play 'Dixie,'" shouted a long-whiskered mountaineer to the dapper leader of the band.

Fanciulli turned around. "Eet ees not on ze programme," he said, with his fine Italian accent and with a deprecating smile. So the next number on the programme was rendered.

"Play 'Dixie!'"

This time the appeal came not from one, but twoscore of the North Carolina visitors. Fanciulli shook his head. Again the band tooted according to the programme.

"Play 'Dixie!'"

All the 200 throats and well-developed lungs shouted the insistent demand. There was no mistaking the determination of the crowd. They would have "Dixie," or they would know the reason why.

Fanciulli surrendered. "Dixie" was played, and against the white dome of the Capitol there echoed a yell which must have been heard many miles south of the Potomac.

'PEACEFUL VALLEY.'

IDLER'S FAMILY AND CANARY UNCOMFORTABLY RUSTICATING.

SUFFERING SUMMER SUCKERS.

New-Mown Milk and Ripe Eggs in Abundance—So Still That It Hurts. Hungry for Last Month's News.

Solitude, Va., July 29, 1897.

Dear Editor,—Yes, my wife and my family and the canary and the four bicycles are here, and we propose to have all the fun that can be expected of an establishment where city boarders are taken in at $20 per grown person and $10 per child. Double price is charged youngsters on account of the wear and tear to the premises. It was in response to the following that we nibbled, and were landed in this grand old county:

WANTED, SUMMER BOARDERS—A lady of respectability and magnanimity, for the cause of humanity, is willing to take a few city people at reasonable rates—$20 for adults and $10 for children under 15 years of age. Fresh fruit and ripe eggs in abundance; good society and no mosquitoes; railroad station half-mile away. Address Mrs. AMANDA BLOODSUCKER, Solitude, Va.

When my amiable manufacturer of apple-pies espied this seductive bit of literature, she forthwith determined that all of us, including the canary and the bicycles, should be at Solitude within forty-eight hours. She adduced a thousand unassailable reasons for her stand, and intimated that nothing short of absolute rest would save me from the grave. Her address on cholera infantum and other ailments incident to the career of babies was blood-curdling and eloquent, and her tirade against electric-cars was the reason for that awful decision whereby so many of our passes have been revoked. Two hours after the perusal of Mrs. Bloodsucker's notice to the world in general, and us in particular, the sharer of my nothing discovered that every member of our household was sick. The canary-bird even refused to clean his teeth on the fishbone, which had been prepared for the comfort of his molars. And so, at the appointed time, we kicked the gray Richmond mud from our heels and started on our memorable journey, which subsequently landed us in the red clay of this section.

* * *

The jurisdiction of the courts of chancery ought to be enlarged so as to enable a man to procure a divorce after taking a railroad trip with his wife, and what is more, they should decree alimony under such circumstances for the aggrieved husband. After we had started and gone about 500 yards, the absolute monarch of the excursion recalled an injunction she had failed to give the cook, and it was necessary to halt and yell this back. Then we had to return for the pocket-book we had left behind, and later on we had to stop to let the children watch an organ-grinder and a monkey. All this, too, notwithstanding the fact that we had only 20 minutes to catch the train. The absolute monarch appeared to be under the impression that the conductor knew she was coming and would hold back the train for her. Fortunately, a scaly, gritty tramp had obstructed the track some miles below, and the train was delayed. The tramp was completely crushed by this circumstance. After we started I deeply regretted at first that I had not provided myself with bellows, so that the cinders might be removed with celerity from the eyes of my household. Later on, however, when the day got hotter, there was a plenty of bellowing. Near Orange county I saw in the dim distance a line of nice young mountains, blue as a man just out of a job, and a little further on we passed the beautiful obelisk erected to the memory of that brave little band of summer boarders who undertook to spend a month at a farmhouse where the charge was only $15 a month. The circumstances of this affair are too pathetic to justify their being sandwiched in this epistle, which is second only to Joe Miller's immortal joke-book. At Gordonsville I was overjoyed to recognize my initials in a chicken leg, offered for sale there by a worthy colored woman, who also sold pies, which have done no little to add to the numbers of the fluttering angel hosts above. I cut the letters in the chicken leg while going to the World's Fair. These facts induce one to have faith in the imperishability of fowls and recall to my mind that magnificent eulogy offered them by Puck, who says that the two good points of a chicken lie in the fact that you can eat him before he is born and after he is dead. The absolute monarch, who generally likes forty-eight hours to think over a joke before she smiles, didn't see the fun of this at first, and then she remarked that the chicken had three good points. Upon reflection, however, she recalled the fact that we do not eat chickens alive.

* * *

When we arrived at Solitude we recognized the fact that there were no mosquitoes in the neighborhood. There was nothing there for them to bite. After a few minutes, however, an ancient trap drove up. The driver, after getting a consignment of summer vegetables which had been sent up from Richmond, introduced himself to us and took us to our future abode. The half mile described in the advertisement appeared to have the elasticity of a rubber band. It stretched into one mile, two miles, three miles, four miles, five miles, and then the roadway led into a little grove of cedars, and we smelt unlaundered pigs. We had reached the demesne of Mrs. Bloodsucker, also the pig-stye which had absent-mindedly been placed within a few feet of the parlor. These aromatic quadrupeds, be it said, were continually in evidence, likewise in the whole atmosphere for miles around. They might have been offered in rebuttal to a Richmond sewer, and the burden of proof would all have been on the sewer. Of course, the youngsters were delighted with this menagerie feature, and on Sundays, when dressed in their best clothes, they regard the swine-pens as veritable Meccas, and will go nowhere else.

Mrs. Bloodsucker is a motherly old lady, with a financial head like John Jacob Astor's, and an innate suspicion of city folks. She is under the impression that the Alaska gold-fields are located in Richmond and that we came to the country to rid our eyes of the glare from the yellow metal. And yet nothing can exceed her delicacy of manner. The way in which she let us know that each and every one of us had to pay for our ride from the station, as well as for the transportation of our wheels and baggage, was very considerate, as was also her manner of telling us that we had to pay for the storage of the "bikes" in the barn. According to a long-established custom of the house, guests pay extra for milk, though once a week they are allowed a slice of watermelon for dessert. And many melons are raised on this place, by the way, but Mrs. Bloodsucker is under contract to sell them to a merchant in a neighboring village.

* * *

It is so still here at night that it hurts. You can hear the grass growing, and, as Joe Miller would say, "the due falling on a thirty-day note." No extra charge is made for conversation, and we often talk with bated breath, least we carry away souvenirs of the pigs. Nobody was ever known to get excited in this neighborhood, unless it was at the prospect of leaving it, and so we are having a thorough rest. Barring the fact that little Erastus is full of cheegers and Johnny has the malaria and Sue is sick from an excess of green apples, we are well. I have gained three ounces, though this increase was developed immediately after dinner. I amuse myself during the day by trying to find something to do, and at night, after we listen to the stillness for an hour or so, go up to our room and try to persuade the candle-bugs not to burn themselves. Will you execute a few little commissions for me, Editor, dear. Enclosed I send a quarter, with which please buy me 100 old copies of the Dispatch. I am hungry for literature, and any old paper will do. News up here is awfully scarce. The natives were terribly disappointed when I told them that McKinley was elected. It was the first they had heard of it.

Also, send me one hamper of vegetables and a dozen cans of condensed milk. Love to Justice Crutchfield and Pokey Barnes. THE IDLE REPORTER.

Small and Select.

(Boston Transcript.)

Bertha: And so you think it fashionable to go to church?

Edith: Certainly. It is so exclusive, you know.

Better Off Where He Is.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

A fellow with not enough money to get to Klondike may be in great luck and not know it.

Costly Experience.

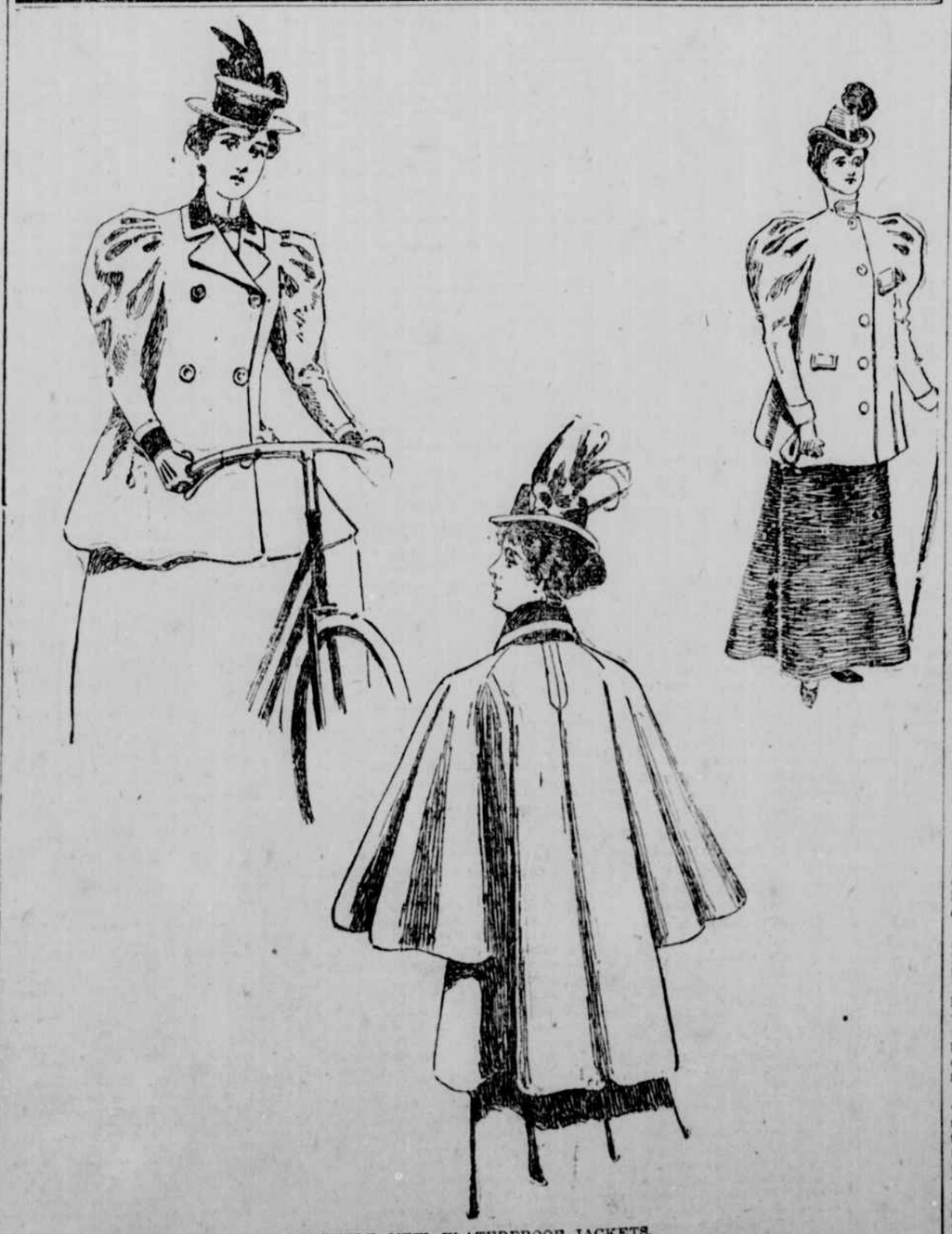
(Detroit Free Press.)

"So you broke the engagement, Yawply?"

"Yes, but not till after the engagement broke me."

AUGUST'S STUNNING GIRL.

SHE IS THE SWELLEST OF THE SUMMER GIRLS, AND ABOVE IS SHOWN IN THE VERY LATEST. IT IS A CLOAK OF SILVERY TUSSORE TRIMMED WITH LACH AND PINK SATIN RIBBONS. ITS RAISON D'ETRE IS THE PROTECTION OF HER EXQUISITE GOWN WHEN SHE ATTENDS THE RACES OR IS PERCHED ON THE SEAT OF A FOUR-IN-HAND.



STRIKINGLY NEW WATERPROOF JACKETS.
If you want to see how modern inventive genius has glorified and transformed the garment which used to make hideous our grandmothers, and our mothers, too, in their early days, look at these new styles.

CARTER'S VALLEY.

The Early Settlement of Tennessee—A Legend—Old Book.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

About the year 1734 William Bean, of Virginia, built a cabin in what is now Carter county, Tennessee, and thus became the first permanent white settler, so far as is known, of the "Big Bend" State. A short time later a company, led by Jonathan Carter, formed a settlement in a beautiful valley, on the line between Virginia and Tennessee, and named the valley in honor of their leader. These pioneers, tradition says, were upright and God-fearing people. Especially is this true of Carter, who left the environments and pleasures of civilization to encounter the dangers and hardships of the wilderness "to serve God and benefit humanity." He was well educated, while most of his companions were illiterate. At first the settlers were necessarily very busy with "felling the forest and establishing their dwelling places," but every Sabbath morning the little colony assembled at Carter's cabin to hear the Bible read and to receive from him religious instruction. When leisure could be had the good man, who had brought with him a generous supply of books, gave the youths of the settlement rudimentary instruction, which completed the full measure of the settlers' happiness and contentment.

For a time the upright conduct of the whites secured them immunity from Indian depredations, but, as a rule, the redmen distrusted their paleface neighbors, and had as little to do with them as possible. Yet one Indian youth, named Mah-te-wah, did not share his race's feelings towards the whites. He visited the settlers daily, often bringing them the trophies of his hunting excursions, and bestowed upon them other marks of friendship and esteem. Carter formed a strong attachment for the youth, believing, in his religious zeal, that he saw in him an opportunity to spread Christian intelligence among the untutored children of the forest.

Mah-te-wah was deeply impressed with the religion of the whites. He would listen patiently to the reading of the Bible, and propounded many strange questions to his pious instructor. At night he would often recline on his back for hours, looking reverently at the stars, fancying them to be lights in the windows of the "great house of the Good Spirit," and in the daytime frequently climbed to the pinnacles of the highest peaks to get nearer to the abode of the Supreme Being.

He applied himself zealously to study and soon could read. He carried a Bible to the wigwams of his dusky race; but all his efforts at Christianizing the Indians were futile. They distrusted him, because of his association with the whites. Yet he was happy, and the more he was persecuted and repelled by his own people the more tenaciously did he cling to the religion of his newfound friends.

The faithful Indian could plainly see what the settlers had never dreamed of—the increasing resentment of his people toward the whites—and he realized that the smothered fire of hatred must inevitably burst into flame at an early day. Yet he kept his counsel and matured his own plans. For weeks he was not seen about the clearings, and the whites feared that some evil had befallen him.

Just at sunset one evening, however, he appeared at the door of Carter's cabin and without ceremony informed him that on that night the Indians were preparing to butcher the settlers. He and Carter lost no time in assembling the settlers in the latter's cabin. The long-range flintlocks were prepared for instant use when the savages should appear. Mah-te-wah, who had acquired great skill in the use of firearms, declared his intention to remain with the whites and render them whatever assistance lay in his power.

At length, just as the pale crescent of the moon appeared above the eastern hilltops a number of dusky forms were perceived stealing into the clearing. At the same instant several lurid lights in the distance evinced the fact that some of the settlers were being rendered homeless. Mah-te-wah understood from this that the plan of the savages was to attack all the houses simultaneously. He, therefore, counselled the whites to lie low and await the savage warwhoop before bringing their guns into requisition. They had not long to wait. The savages came swiftly, and when within a hundred yards of the cabin, uttered a most blood-chilling yell and started in a full run toward their doom. "Now!" said Mah-te-wah, and the deadly rifles pealed forth the deathknell of five or six surprised warriors. Only two were unhurt, and one of these was overtaken and scalped by the swift-footed Mah-te-wah.

The dreaded firearms were too much for the superstitious savages. They made no further attack that night and soon after made peace with the whites, which lasted for many years. Nor did they molest Mah-te-wah, regarding him with a kind of awe that led many of them to espouse the Christian faith.

Tradition says that Mah-te-wah was killed while yet in the prime of life by a falling tree, and was given Christian burial by the whites. He was buried near Carter, who had preceded him to the "happy hunting ground." After his death the Indians again became troublesome, and their depredations were not quelled till the iron-nerved John Sevier made his appearance on the field and gave them such a crushing defeat at Cherokee Island. Their power was then broken.

Among the relics left by Carter is an old German book now in the possession of a family named Kinkead, living in the vicinity of the above-named settlement. The book contains an account of the wanderings of the Children of Israel in the Wilderness, probably about as veracious as the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." It is nearly a foot thick and large in proportion, and has heavy, wooden backs. The title page and many of the quaint illustrations have been torn out. The book was printed late in the fifteenth century.

Carter's Valley is now laid out in highly cultivated farms, beautiful homes greet the eye of the traveller on every hand, and the blue smoke of peace and contentment curls gracefully above the hills, on whose summits these stout old pioneers came to light the beacon-fires of civilization and Christianity. Here and there a small Indian mound appears, the only remaining visible evidences that here "once lived and loved another race of beings." Three Presidents have driven by the scene of this early settlement—Jackson, Polk, and Johnson—and the very spot where Carter's cabin stood has resounded with the eloquence of Henry Clay, S. S. Prentiss, William Polk, Horace Maynard, Landon C. Haynes, and "Our Bob" Taylor, as well as others of national reputation.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

COVINGTON.

Drives as Recreation—Expected Guests—Personal Points.

THE INTERMONT, COVINGTON, July 31.—(Special.)—Drives afford daily recreation here, the roads in all directions being safe, and the scenery beautiful and romantic, the atmosphere light and dry.

A party is made up for a drive to the Hot and the Warm for Tuesday, the 3d of August, returning next day.

Colonel and Mrs. Livingston, Misses Laura and Gertrude Livingston, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Legare, and Miss Godfrey drove on Wednesday to visit Mrs. Shanahan, the charming wife of the owner of Rich Patch mines, whose place is about ten miles in the mountains. Miss Parkinson chaperoned a party of young people to the beautiful Falling Springs on Thursday. Mr. Cooper Parker, of Louisville, gave a driving party, and among the guests were Mrs. Parker, the Misses Cooper, Mrs. Camm and Miss Bossieux, of Richmond. And so the pleasant days come and go, so softly and restfully, we are scarcely conscious of their flight.

A large progressive euchre party is arranged for the next week, awaiting only the presence of some guests of special interest, and smaller parties will follow in quick succession, and the children are planning hay-rides and watermelon parties for the little friends expected in a few days.

Among arrivals of latest date are:

Dr. William Alexander Thom, so widely known and beloved in Virginia for his culture and noble character. He is accompanied by two ladies of his family, known as well for their many graces—Miss Marion Thom and Miss Nina Tunstall.

Miss Sallie Woodville Stevenson, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. James Keith Edwards, also two popular guests of last season, who have many friends to welcome them.

Mrs. E. C. Venable and Miss Helen and Master Edward Venable, of Petersburg, who have been visiting Hot Springs for some weeks past. Mrs. Venable and her lovely family are always cordially received here.

Miss Belle Perkins, of Richmond, who is a valued addition to Mrs. Camm's party.

Mrs. Lafayette Guild, of Washington, D. C., who has joined Mrs. Edwards and Miss Stevenson.

Mrs. M. A. Williams, Memphis, Tenn., one of last year's popular guests of the Intermont.

Mrs. George E. Dodge and family, Little Rock, Ark., and Mrs. T. C. Walker and family, New Orleans, who form an attractive party.

A party from Griffin, Ga., is expected on Tuesday—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bailey and son, and Mrs. M. B. Fowler and family.

Mr. H. Schaefer, of Baltimore, entertained Miss Ethel Rumbold, Miss Pattie Minetree, and Messrs. Cumberland and Edmund Rumbold at dinner on Tuesday.

The Misses Livingston entertained a small party at cards, with light refreshments, on Monday evening.

Mr. Charles H. Read, Mr. F. B. Isaacs, Miss Gertrude Camm, and Mr. M. M. Anderson have recently arrived.

The Warfare on Noise.

(Baltimore American.)

New York is making a hard warfare on street noises. It has done much to reduce the number, and proposes to do more. One of its ordinances makes it an offence to drive a load of loose iron or rails through the streets in such a way as to make a racket and clatter. Street-car gongs are kept within reasonable limits, and other similar sounds have to be handled with moderation. That our modern American cities are apt to be pretty noisy places is apparent to all, and some of these noises could be entirely suppressed without doing the city's business any harm.